ROYALS
002
MARVEL
EWING
SILAS
MEYERS
CHARLAMPIDIS
KINNAIRD
ATTACK OF THE
CHITAURI!

ROYALS

Eons ago, the alien race known as the Kree experimented upon early man, imbuing some of them with the potential to manifest amazing abilities. These humans became THE INHUMANS.

In the modern day, the Inhumans—ruled by their king, BLACK BOLT, and queen, MEDUSA—used the mystery element TERRIGEN to unlock their abilities. But recently, after discovering it was poisoning the mutant population, Medusa made the difficult decision to destroy the Terrigen, meaning there will now be no more new Inhumans. As a result, she abdicated the throne—leaving the Inhumans without their Royals.

But if the Royal Family can no longer rule Inhumanity...they can still save it.

Marvel Boy, an explorer from another dimension, claims there is a secret buried in the remains of Hala, the Kree homeworld, that will provide a way forward for the Inhuman race. So most of the Royal Family and a couple of new Inhumans have gone with Marvel Boy on a journey into space. But it has been foretold that seven will go on this quest and only six will return. And, with clumps of hair in her hands, Medusa just told everyone that she is dying...

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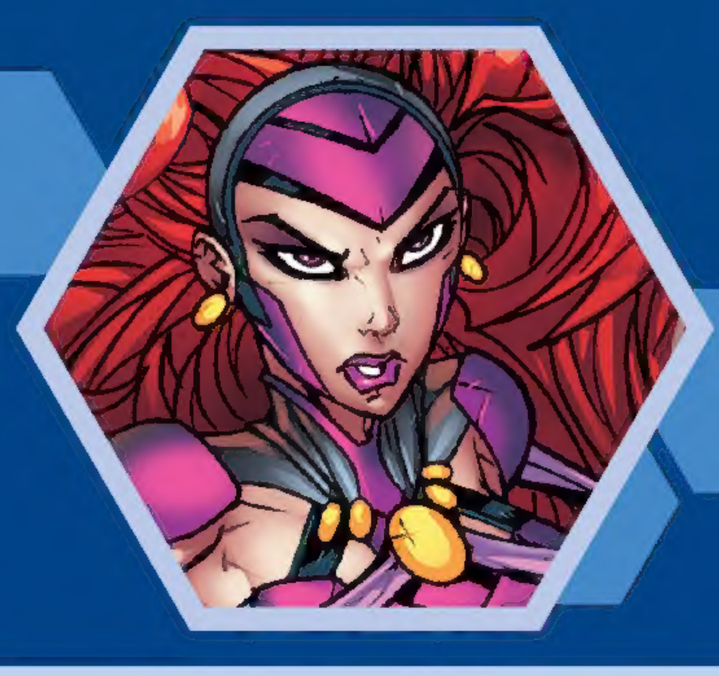
BLACK BOLT

Husband of Medusa. His slightest word will shatter mountains.



MEDUSA

Wife of Black Bolt. Her hair is stronger than steel — and entirely under her control.

CRYSTAL

Sister of Medusa. She has total control over air, earth, fire, and water.

GORGON

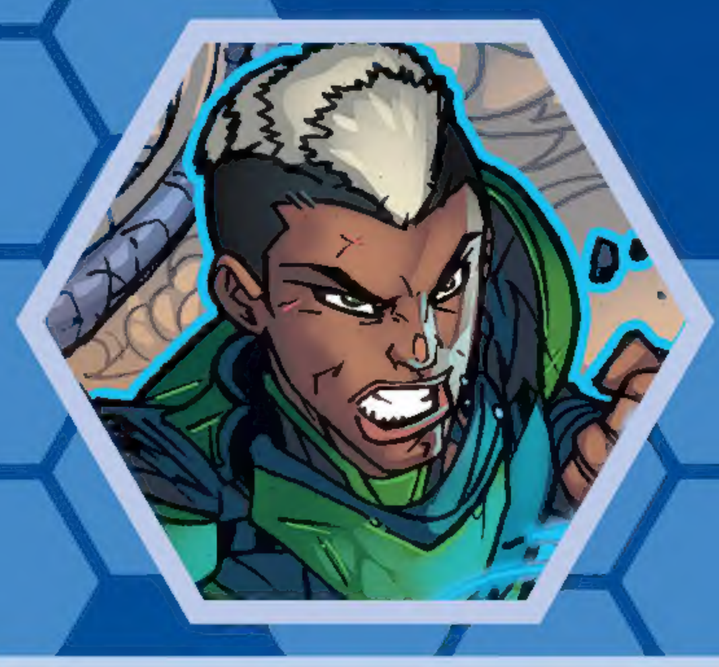
Cousin of Black Bolt. One stomp of his hooves makes the earth tremble.

SWAIN

A new Inhuman. She can push emotions and opinions in her favor.

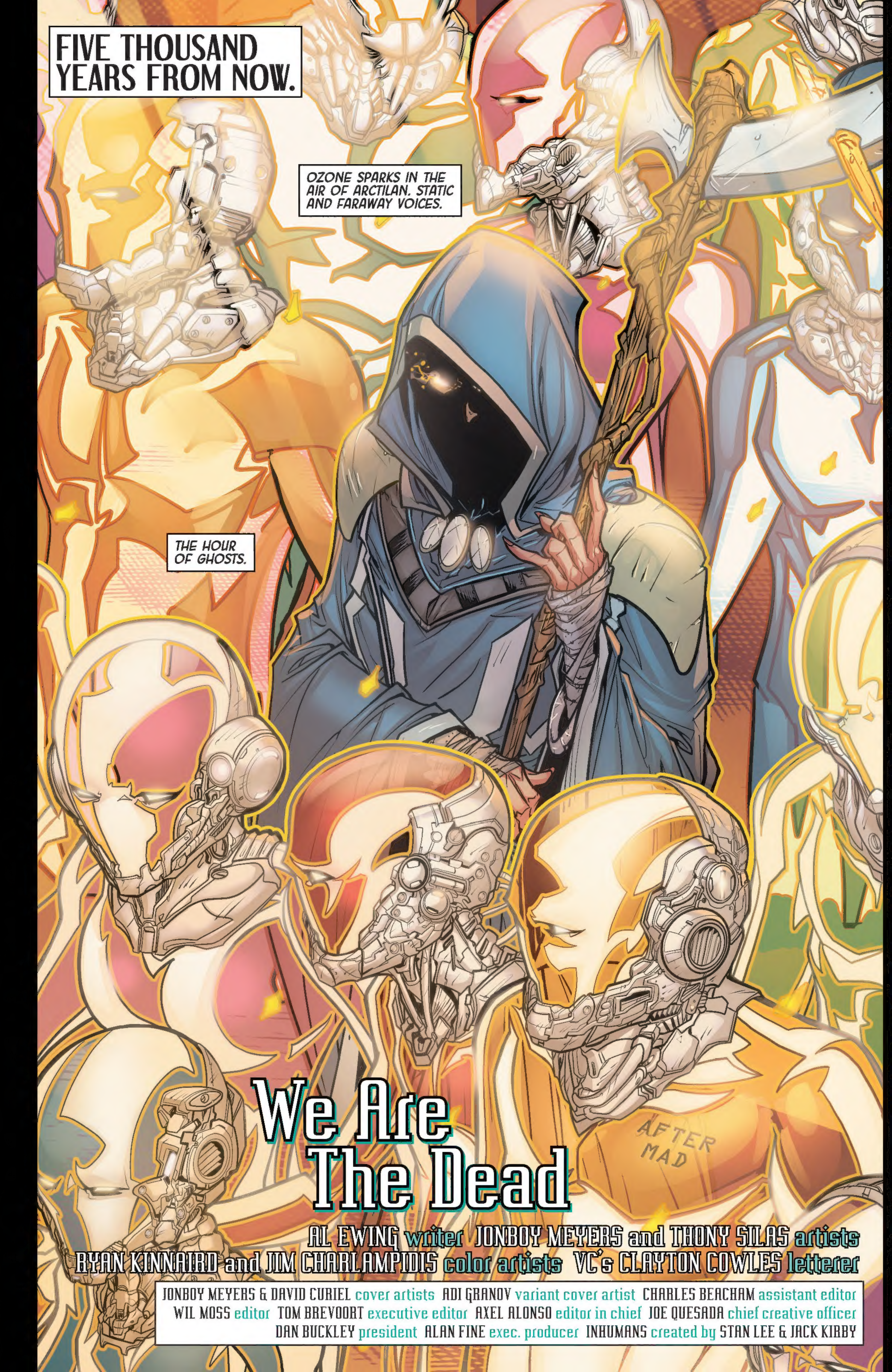
MARVEL BOY

Kree explorer from another dimension. Engineered with insect traits for combat superiority.



FLINT

A new Inhuman. Rock and stone obey his thoughts — the bigger, the better.


FIVE THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW.
OZONE SPARKS IN THE AIR OF ARCTILAN. STATIC AND FARAWAY VOICES.
THE HOUR OF GHOSTS.
AFTER MAD
We Are The Dead
AL EWING writer JONBOY MEYERS and THONY SILAS artists
RYAN KINNAIRD and JIM CHARLAMPIDIS color artists VC's CLAYTON COWLES letterer
JONBOY MEYERS & DAVID CURIEL cover artists ADI GRANOV variant cover artist CHARLES BEACHAM assistant editor
WIL MOSS editor TOM BREVOORT executive editor AXEL ALONSO editor in chief JOE QUESADA chief creative officer
DAN BUCKLEY president ALAN FINE exec. producer INHUMANS created by STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

TECHNO-ASTRAL PROJECTIONS RISE FROM THE COCOONS THAT LINE THE WALLS, DIRECTED BY THE SLEEPERS WITHIN.
THEIR HALF-LIFE MUST BE MAINTAINED.
THE GHOSTS TRACE ARCANE SHAPES ON THE WALLS, DIVINING THE FLOWS AND EDDIES OF THE CITY.
SEEKING THE SHADOWS OF THE FUTURE. POTENTIAL PROBLEMS.
THREATS.
THE LAST INHUMAN HAS LIVED AMONG THE GHOSTS FOR CENTURIES. HE FINDS THEM SOOTHING.
EACH DAY THEIR ROUTINE IS THE SAME, AN IMMATERIAL BALLET, WITH NO DISTURBANCES...
...NO SURPRISES.
UNTIL TODAY.
THE GHOSTS PULSE WITH ALARM, EMITTING STREAMS OF INCOHERENT DATA. ABOVE THEM, THE SKY BOILS AND SCREAMS WITH COLOR.
DIMLY, THE LAST INHUMAN REMEMBERS WHAT THIS IS. MILLENNIA AGO, HE CREATED IT.
AN EARLY WARNING SYSTEM.
A REMINDER.
MEMENTO MORI...

...REMEMBER ONE DAY YOU WILL DIE.
PLEASE.
THE ASTARION.
AT THE FAR EDGE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM. NOW.
LET'S NOT MAKE SUCH A FUSS OVER THIS.
AFTER ALL--
→KAFF←--
--I'M ONLY DYING.

DON'T SAY THAT, YOUR MAJESTY.

DON'T SAY *THAT*, EITHER.

GORGON-- →*KAFF*←--FOR THE LAST TIME, I AM *NOT* YOUR--

YOU CAN GIVE UP YOUR *THRONE*, IF YOU WISH. LAY DOWN YOUR *POWER*. SUCH IS YOUR *RIGHT*.

BUT SOME THINGS ARE NOT YOURS TO GIVE UP, OR LAY DOWN.

AND THE *FEALTY* OF THE *HOUSE OF PETRAGON* IS ONE SUCH THING.

I HAVE FOLLOWED YOU TO *HELL* BEFORE, MEDUSA--AND I WILL FOLLOW YOU STILL *FURTHER*, IF YOU COMMAND IT.

UNTIL *MY* DYING--YOU ARE QUEEN TO *ME*.

...

I--MY *APOLOGIES*, MY KING.

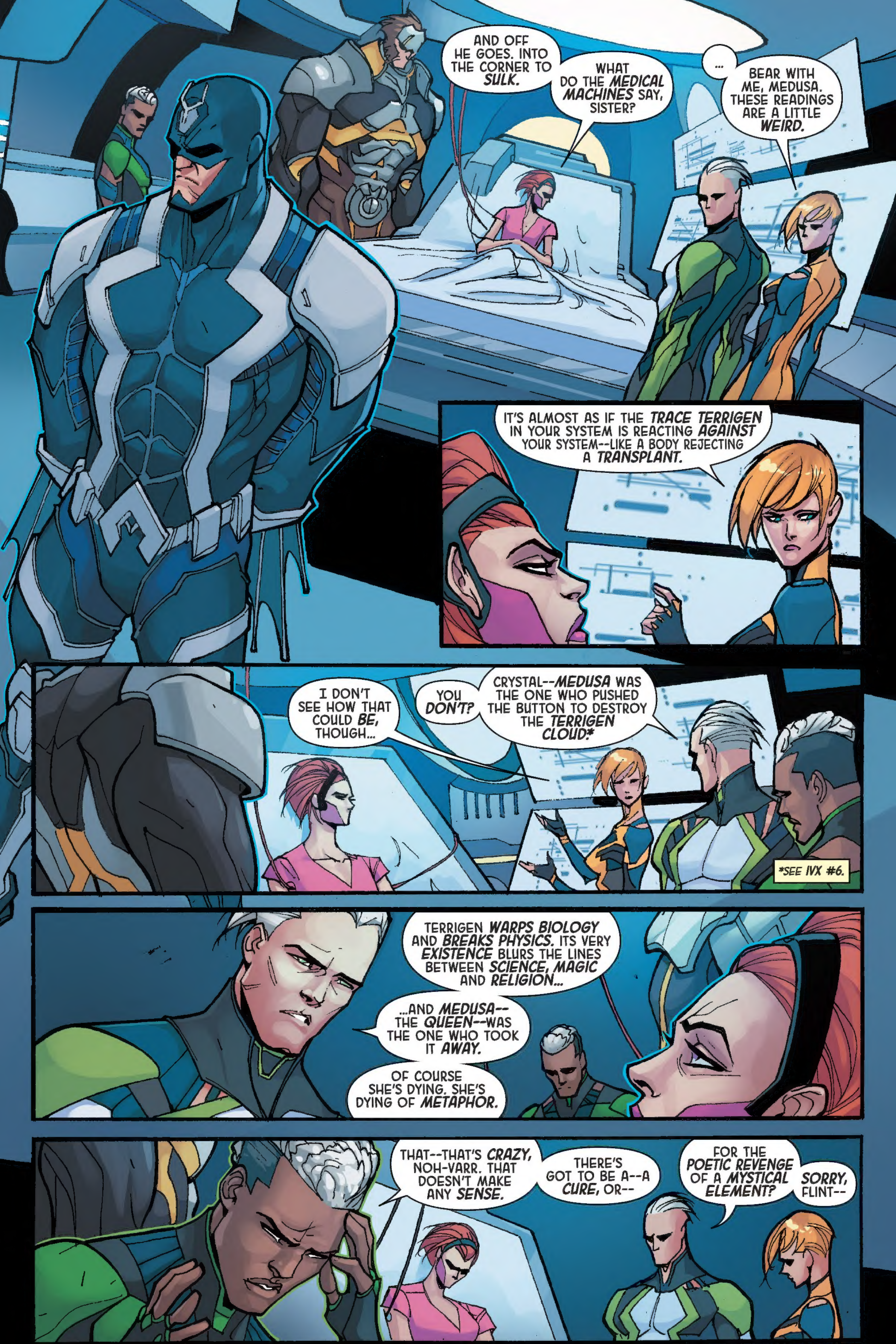
I DID NOT *MEAN* TO...TO *OVERSTEP* MY--

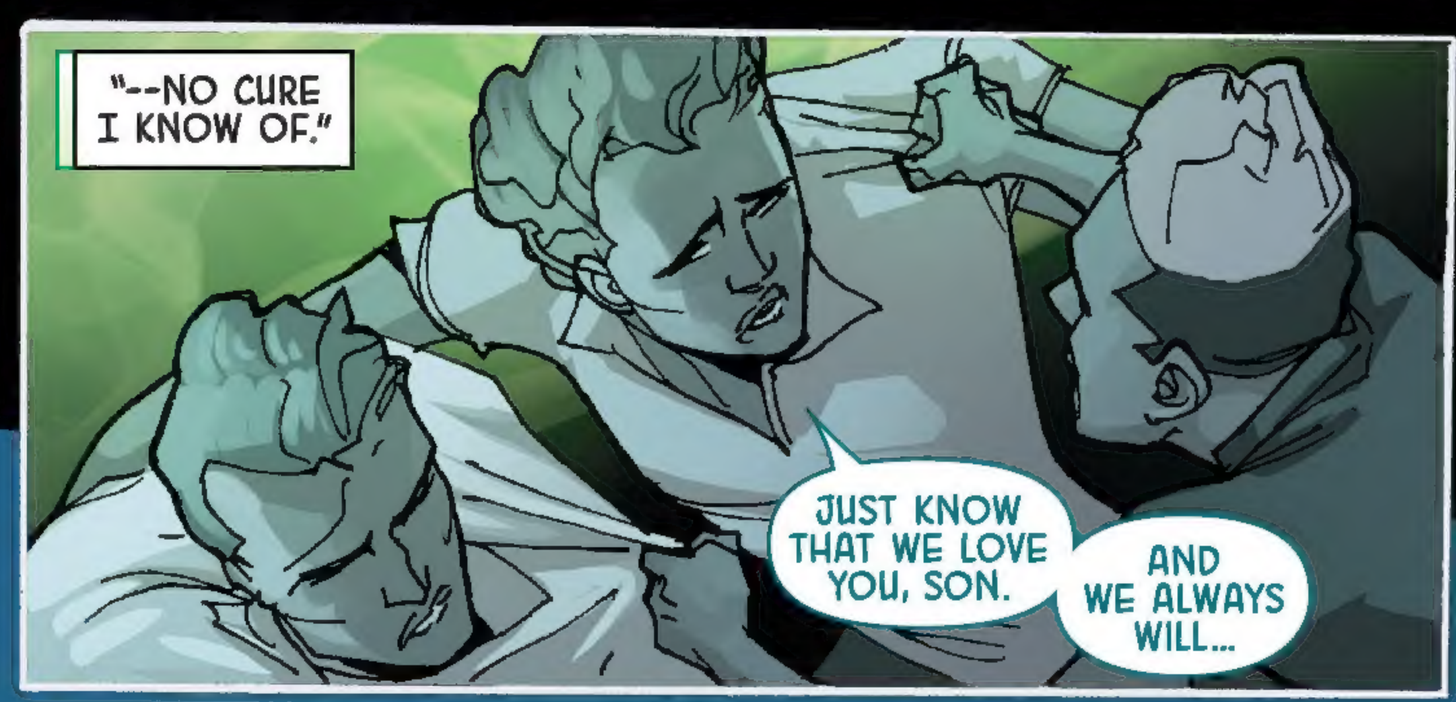
UGH.

IGNORE HIM, GORGON.

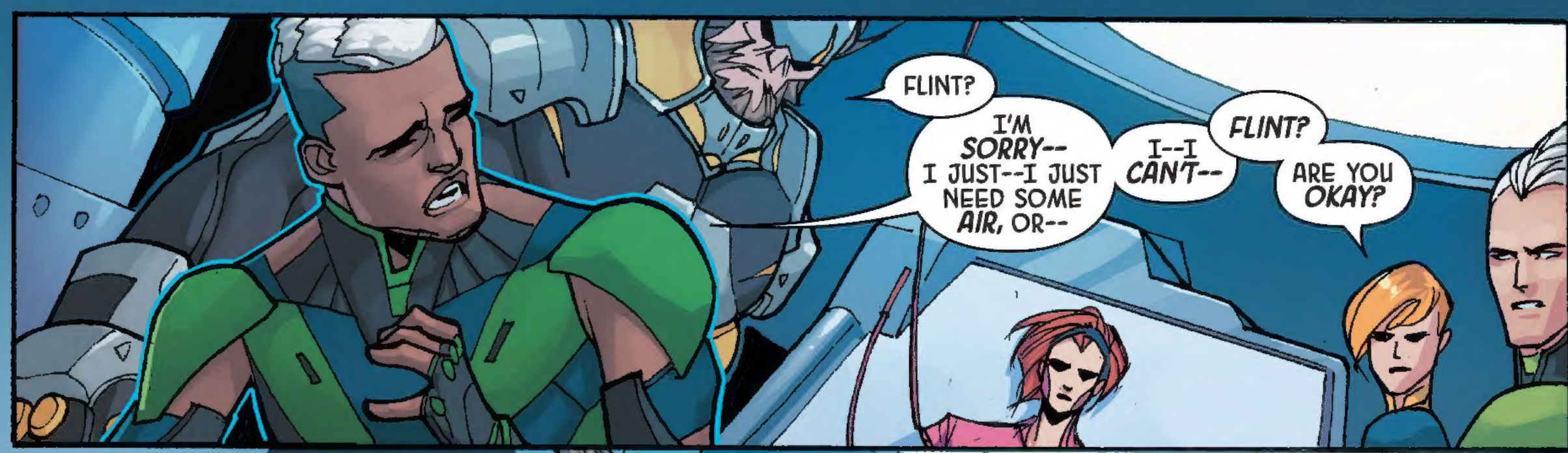
BLACK BOLT HAS BEEN IN--→*KAFF*←--IN *MANY* A MOOD OF LATE. I FIND MYSELF WITH LESS PATIENCE FOR *ALL* OF THEM.

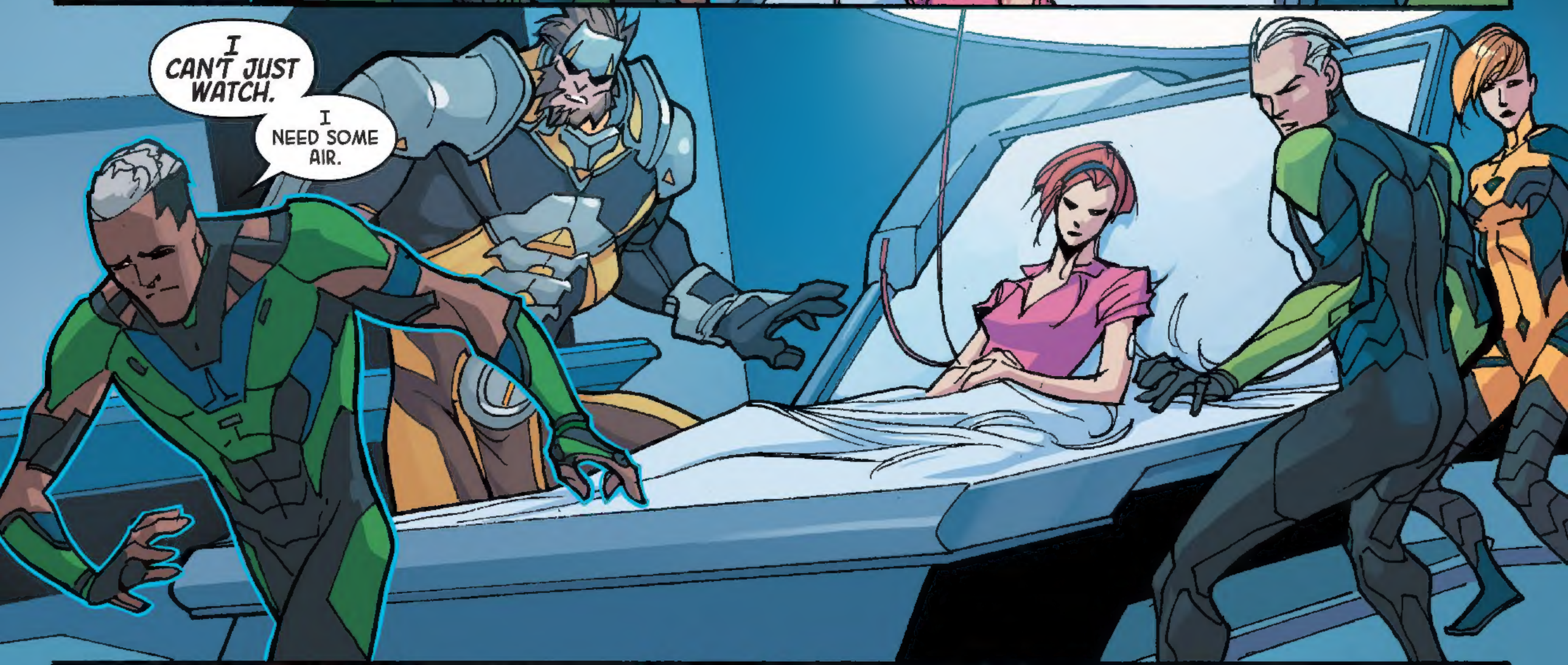
PERHAPS IT'S THE *DYING*.


AND OFF HE GOES. INTO THE CORNER TO *SULK.*
WHAT DO THE *MEDICAL MACHINES* SAY, SISTER?
...
BEAR WITH ME, MEDUSA. THESE READINGS ARE A LITTLE *WEIRD.*
IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE *TRACE TERRIGEN* IN YOUR SYSTEM IS REACTING *AGAINST* YOUR SYSTEM--LIKE A BODY REJECTING A *TRANSPLANT.*
I DON'T SEE HOW THAT COULD *BE,* THOUGH...
YOU *DON'T?*
CRYSTAL--*MEDUSA* WAS THE ONE WHO PUSHED THE BUTTON TO DESTROY THE *TERRIGEN CLOUD.**
*SEE *IVX* #6.
TERRIGEN *WARPS BIOLOGY* AND *BREAKS PHYSICS.* ITS VERY *EXISTENCE* BLURS THE LINES BETWEEN *SCIENCE, MAGIC* AND *RELIGION...*
...AND *MEDUSA*--THE *QUEEN*--WAS THE ONE WHO TOOK IT *AWAY.*
OF COURSE SHE'S DYING. SHE'S DYING OF *METAPHOR.*
THAT--THAT'S *CRAZY,* NOH-VARR. THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY *SENSE.*
THERE'S GOT TO BE A--A *CURE,* OR--
FOR THE *POETIC REVENGE* OF A *MYSTICAL ELEMENT?*
SORRY, FLINT--

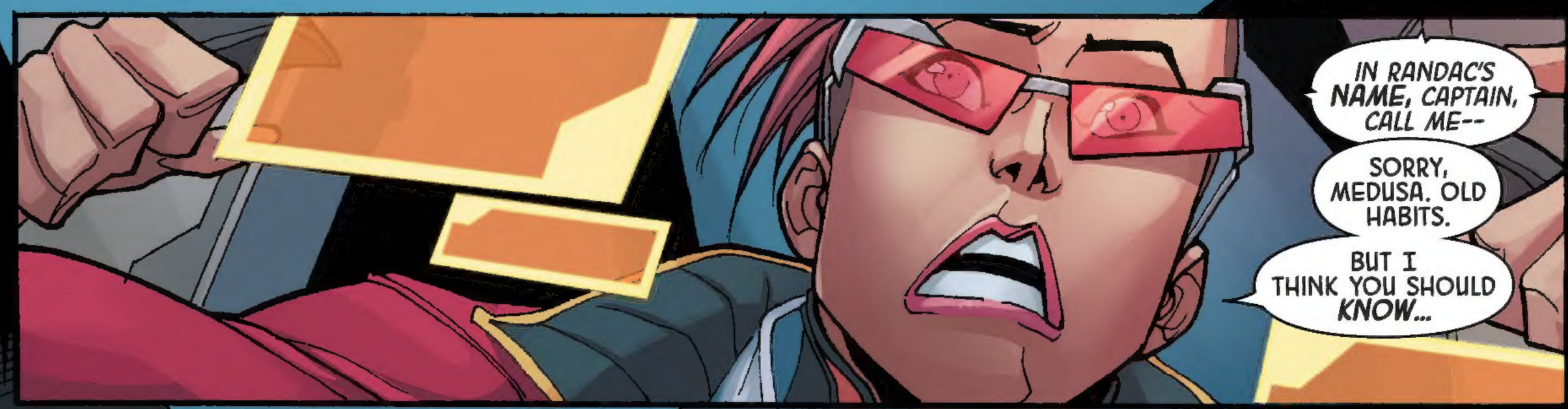

"--NO CURE I KNOW OF."
JUST KNOW THAT WE LOVE YOU, SON.
AND WE ALWAYS WILL...

I... I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE...

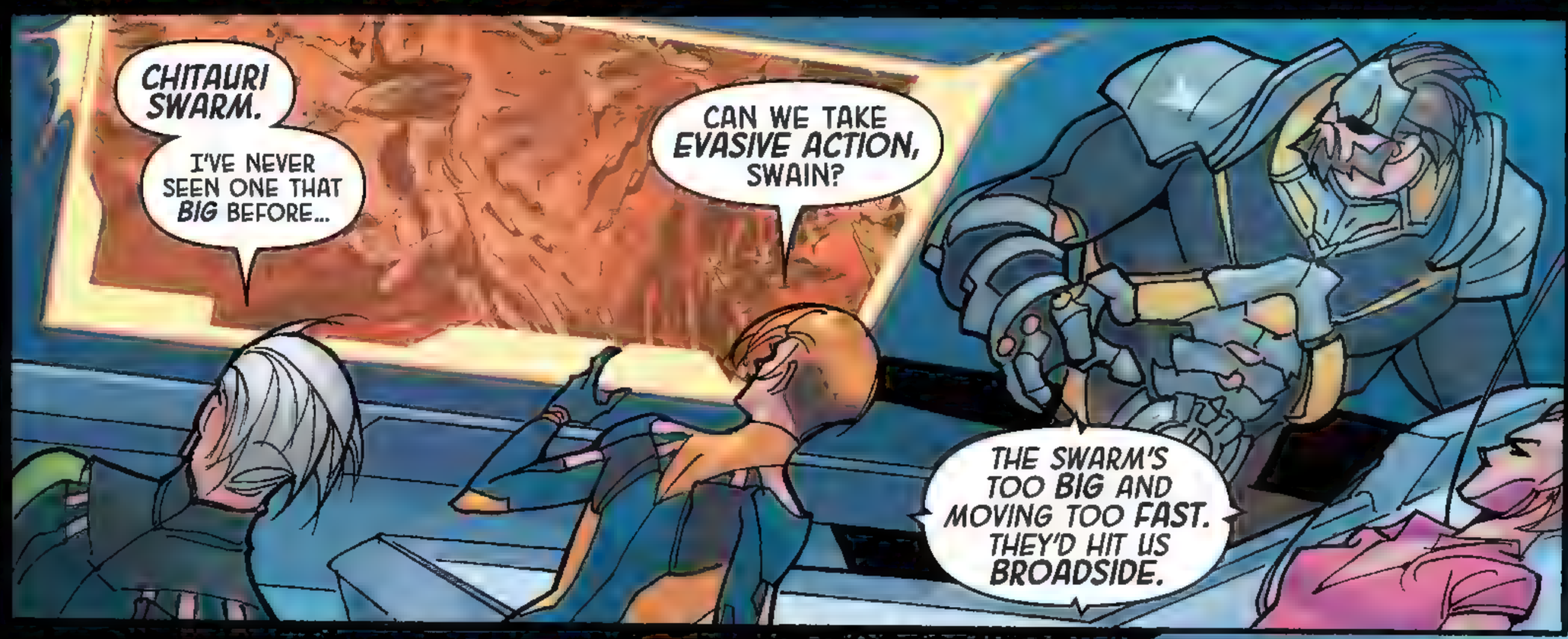

FLINT?
I'M SORRY-- I JUST--I JUST NEED SOME AIR, OR--
I--I CAN'T--
FLINT?
ARE YOU OKAY?


I CAN'T JUST WATCH.
I NEED SOME AIR.

GO AFTER HIM, GORGON.
MY QUEEN-- I AM NEEDED HERE--
FOR WHAT? CHANGING MY BEDPAN?
I'LL BE FINE FOR A FEW MINUTES--
YOUR HIGHNESS? THIS IS CAPTAIN SWAIN FROM THE BRIDGE--


IN RANDAC'S NAME, CAPTAIN, CALL ME--
SORRY, MEDUSA. OLD HABITS.
BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW...

...WE'RE PROBABLY *NOT* GOING TO BE FINE.


CHITAURI SWARM.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE THAT BIG BEFORE...
CAN WE TAKE EVASIVE ACTION, SWAIN?
THE SWARM'S TOO BIG AND MOVING TOO FAST. THEY'D HIT US BROADSIDE.

THEN WE'RE FINISHED--
COURAGE, SISTER.
WE'VE--→KAFF←--FACED THE INSURMOUNTABLE BEFORE. IT'S NOT THE THREAT THAT MATTERS--

--IT'S HOW WE RISE TO IT.
HMM.

VERY WELL, THEN.
MY QUEEN--YOU MUST REST--
SHUT UP, GORGON. I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN-- I AM NOT YOUR DAMNED QUEEN.
WHAT I AM--

--IS THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THIS SHIP.
AND NOBODY HAS PERMISSION TO DIE TODAY!
NOW...

"...GET ME A DAMNED UNIFORM!"
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY, MEDUSA?
COMMANDER MEDUSA.
AND NO, SWAIN--I'M STILL DYING. I'M JUST DOING IT WITH FLAIR.
POWERS ON, CAPTAIN. BROADCAST CALM AND FOCUS.
YES, MA'AM.
WEAPONS REPORT, MR. NOH-VARR...

MY GUNS ARE IN VR MODE, CAPTAIN. THEY WON'T FIRE--THAT WOULD BE BAD, IN HERE--
--BUT THEY'LL SEND A SIGNAL TO AIM THE SHIP'S WEAPONRY.
REAL-TIME SPACE INVADERS.

I'M ASSUMING THIS IS SOMETHING SIMILAR...
RIGHT. THOSE GLOVES WILL TRANSMIT AND AMPLIFY YOUR ELEMENTAL FIRE POWERS--MAKING YOU OUR HEAVY CANNON.
AIM FOR DRAGONS.

GOTCHA.
READY, PLAYER TWO?

HERE COMES A *NEW* CHALLENGER...
WIDE *SWEEP*, TEN TO TWO--
--BLOW 'EM APART!
HA! THEY STARTED WITHOUT US!
FEELING BETTER NOW THAT YOU'RE OUT *HERE*, JAYCEN?
ACTUALLY-- *YEAH.* I KNOW THAT'S **WEIRD**, BUT...WAIT.
HOW ARE WE *STANDING* ON THE HULL OF A *SPEEDING SPACESHIP?*

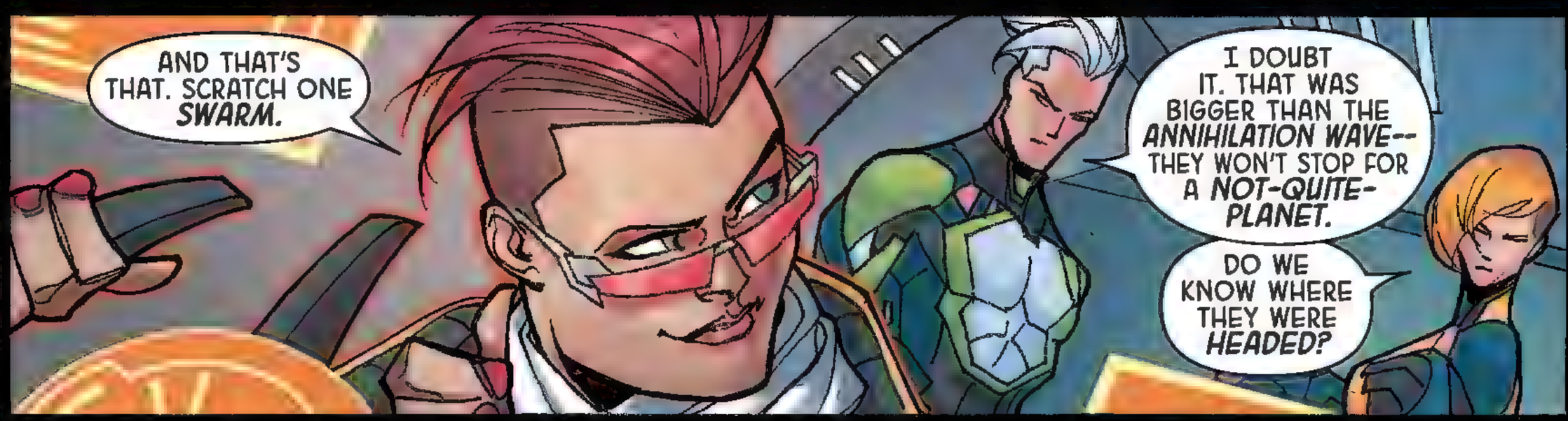
OH, A LOCALIZED *GRAVITY*-SOMETHING IS KEEPING US ANCHORED. IT HAS TO DO WITH THE...*WARP* ENVELOPE... THING...
NOH-VARR EXPLAINED IT.
I WASN'T REALLY *LISTENING!*
WELL, THINK FAST.
THEY LOOK *HUNGRY.*
DOESN'T STOP THE *COLD* OUT HERE FROM PLAYING *BLOODY MURDER* WITH MY *BACK,* THOUGH.
SO ANY TIME YOU WANT TO *PITCH IN*--
AND DO *WHAT?*
MY POWERS WORK ON *ROCK, STONE*--THE BIGGER, THE BETTER! THIS IS A *VACUUM!* THERE ISN'T EVEN *SPACE DUST!*
FLINT?

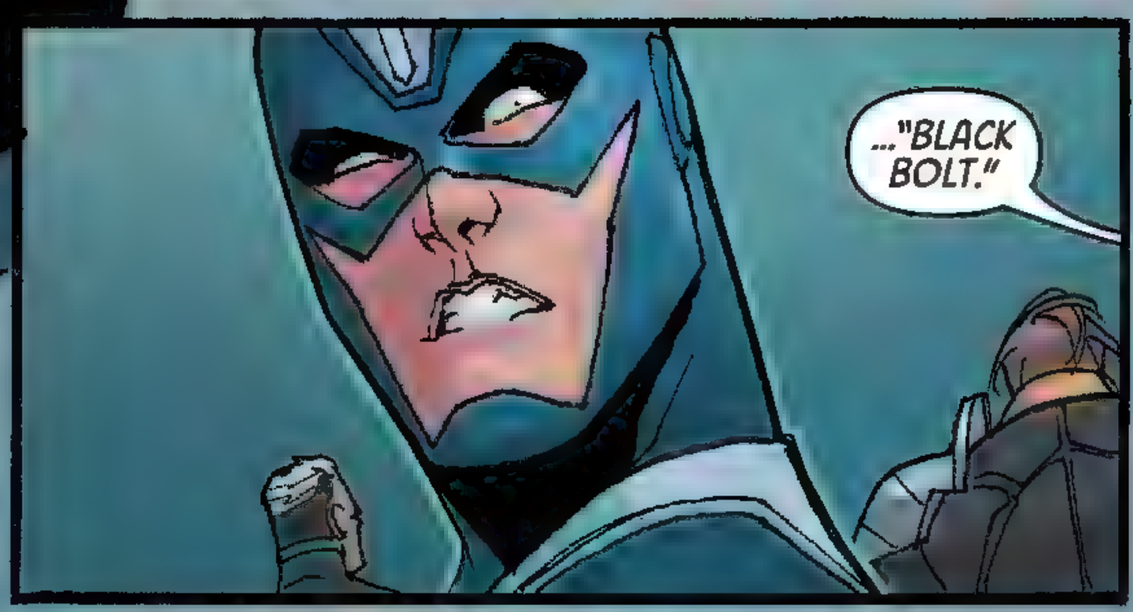
WHAT DID YOU COME OUT HERE TO FIND?
WHAT?
YOU'VE NEVER REALLY BELONGED, HAVE YOU? NOT WITH US. NOT IN MINNESOTA, NOR IN UTOLAN.
YOU'VE NEVER FELT AT HOME.
AND PEOPLE KEEP DYING ON YOU, OR TURNING YOU AWAY.
ABANDONING YOU.
OOF. THAT'S A LITTLE INAPPROPRIATE...
YOU THINK?
BUT THAT IS WHAT IT IS TO BE INHUMAN.
OUTSIDERS.
THE KREE CREATED US AS TOOLS--THEN CAST US ASIDE WHEN THEY FEARED WE MIGHT CHALLENGE THEM.
WE WERE LEFT BEHIND-- NEITHER OF EARTH NOR OF THE STARS.
THE GUNS AREN'T STOPPING THEM--
WHY DID WE CLING SO TIGHT TO TERRIGEN WHEN WE HAD IT? WHAT DID IT SHOW US?
WHAT ARE WE FOREVER SEEKING?

ONLY OURSELVES.
AND WHEN WE FIND OURSELVES--WHEN WE KNOW OURSELVES, THROUGH OUR GIFTS--WE CAN FIND EACH OTHER.
AND FIND THAT PLACE WHERE WE BELONG.
BUT-- I ALREADY KNOW WHAT MY GIFT IS--
DO YOU?
LOOK UP, FLINT.
WE'RE PASSING PLUTO.
...
NO WAY.
"THE BIGGER, THE BETTER."
PLUTO IS AROUND 1,500 MILES ACROSS, WITH A MASS OF OVER ONE QUINTILLION TONS.
PICK IT UP.

NO-- IT'S TOO BIG--
--TOO CRAZY--
I--I CAN'T--
YOU MUST!
STOP STALLING AND DO IT!
BEFORE WE DIE HERE!
I C-CAN'T-- I-- I--
OH.
LIKE A DOOR.

HALA IN THE HIGHEST...!
I THINK BIG, NOH-VARR. GET USED TO IT.
GORGON--STATUS REPORT?
IT'S OVER, COMMANDER. WE'RE BACK IN THE WARM.
FLINT IS...FEELING NO PAIN.
LIKE A DOOR OPENING.
I FEEL GREAT...
GOOD TO HEAR.
SWAIN?
PLUTO'S GRAVITY TORE THE WORST OF THEM OFF US, CAP'N M--THE ONES IT DIDN'T SMASH. THE REST WON'T BE A PROBLEM.
THROTTLE UP...
...TAKING US THROUGH.





THE ABSENCE OF *INTIMACY* BETWEEN US WAS ALMOST A *GIVEN,* AT THIS POINT. THE LACK OF *COMMUNICATION*--LIKEWISE.

BUT A BLACK BOLT WHO *COWERS* IN THE FACE OF A *THREAT?* WHO DOES *NOTHING* TO DEFEND HIS PEOPLE?

NOT THE BLACK BOLT *I* KNOW...

...*MAXIMUS.*

LET'S USE MY FULL TITLE, SISTER-IN-LAW.
"MAXIMUS THE MAD"...
...AT YOUR SERVICE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

ROYALS

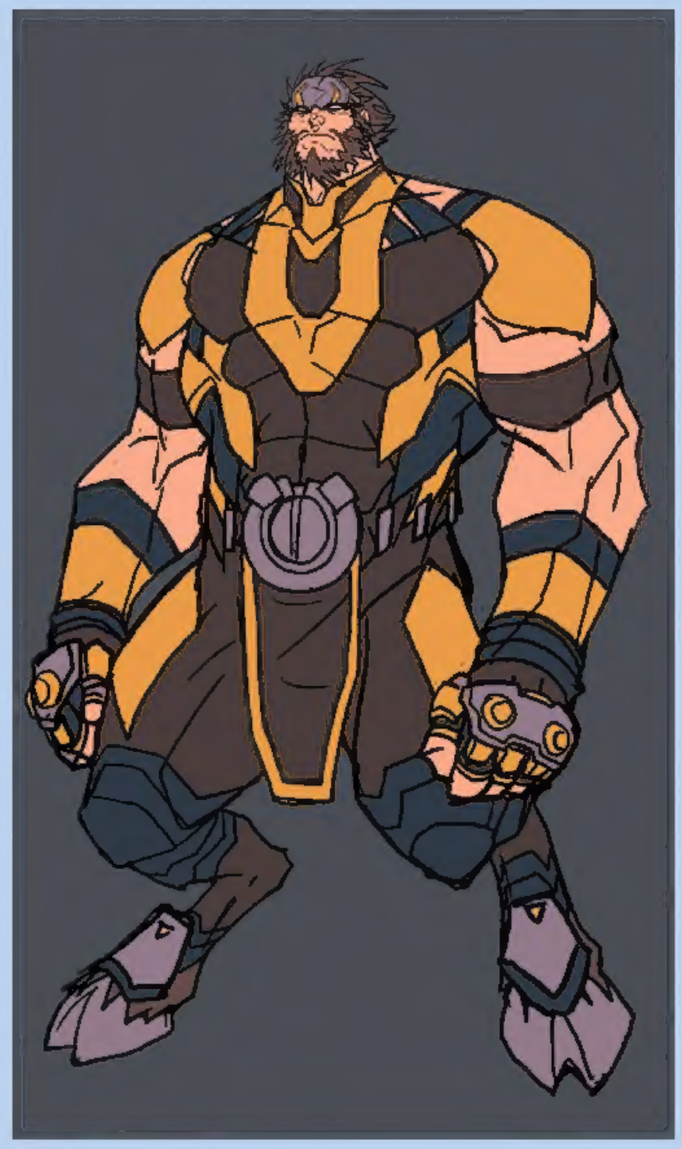
Howdy, True Believers! Assistant Editor Charles Beacham here!

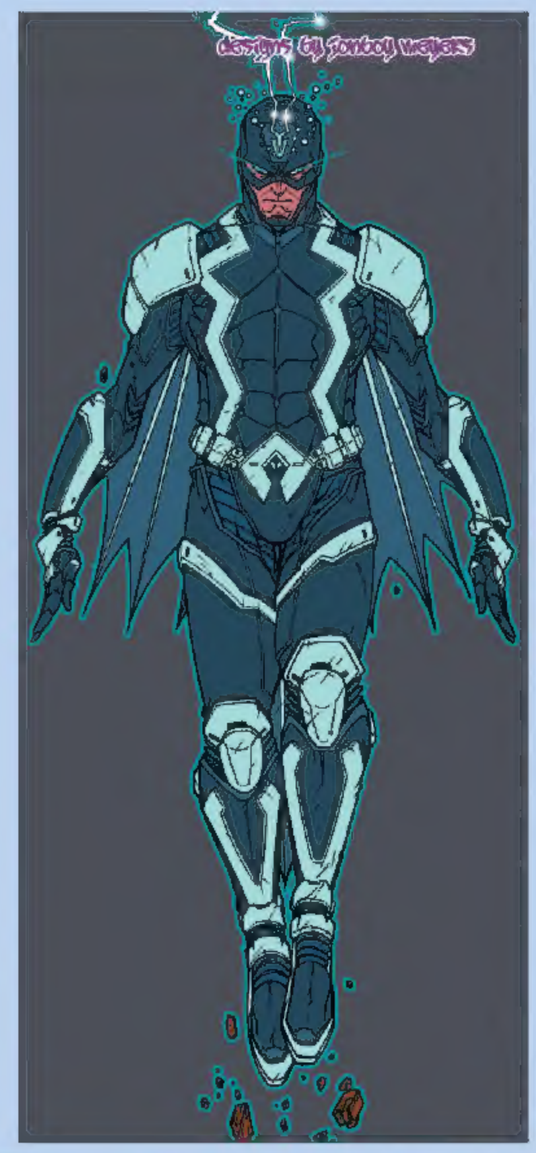
Taking the Inhuman Royal Family to the far reaches of space is no easy task, but as you can tell, the ambitious Al Ewing cooked up a pretty epic story. And the twists and turns you've seen in these first two issues are just the beginning.

To tide you over until issue #3, I'm here with a behind-the-scenes look at how we got the Royals ready for their space odyssey.

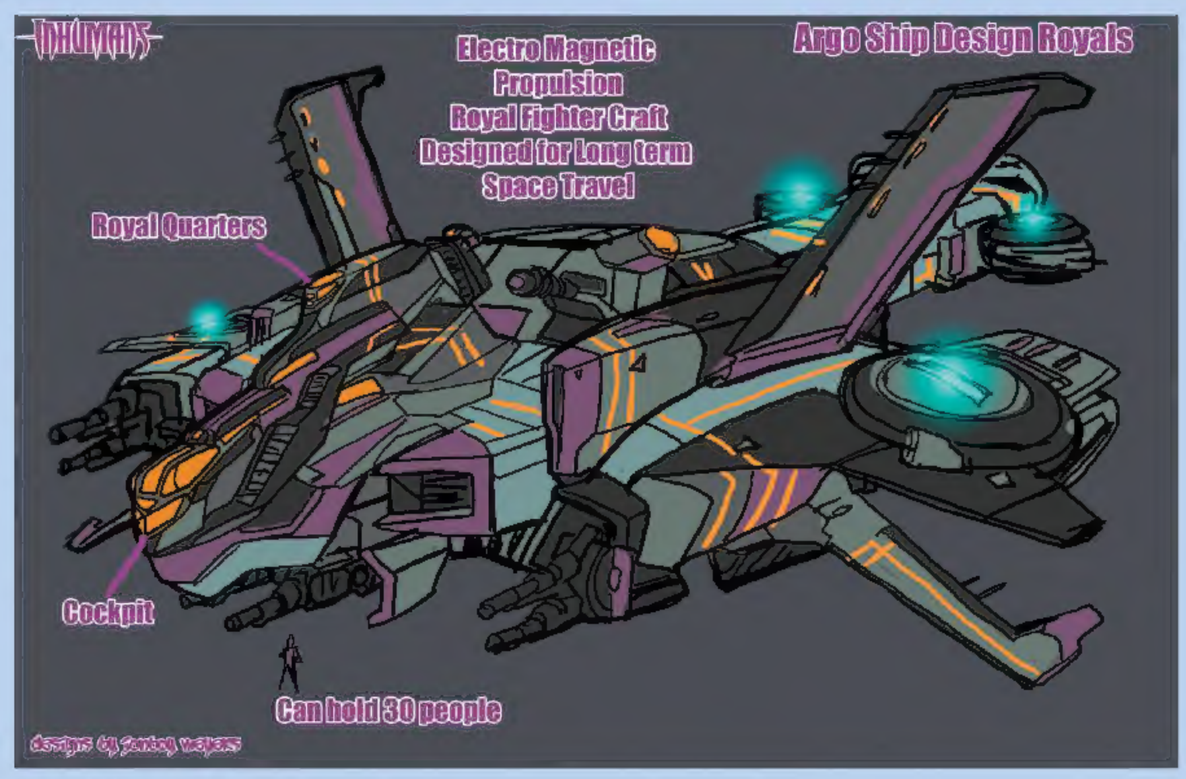
When Al pitched us his plans, we knew the Inhumans were going to need an equally epic look. So, we enlisted the ever artful Jonboy Meyers to help us launch the Royals into the future.

The entire crew received updated uniforms. Here's a look at a few of them:



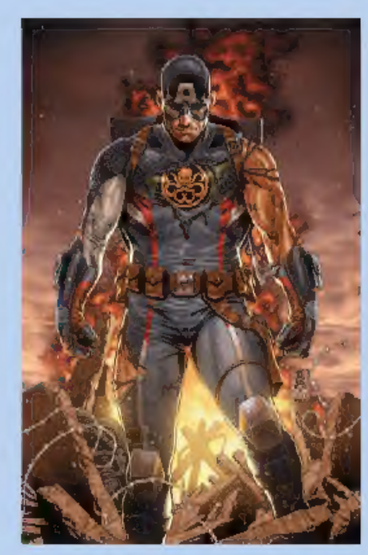


And no interstellar journey is possible without a ship. The *Astarion* is equipped with amazing technology that allows it to work in tandem with the crew's innate abilities, making it perfect for the Inhumans.



ADDITIONAL READING:

Flint's fight to find belonging began long before he knew he was Inhuman. Learn more about his journey in **INHUMAN #5** and **ALL-NEW INHUMANS #7-10.** And why is there a horde of Chitauri headed for Earth? Find out more in the **STEVE ROGERS: CAPTAIN AMERICA: TRIAL OF MARIA HILL TPB** and in **SECRET EMPIRE #0.**



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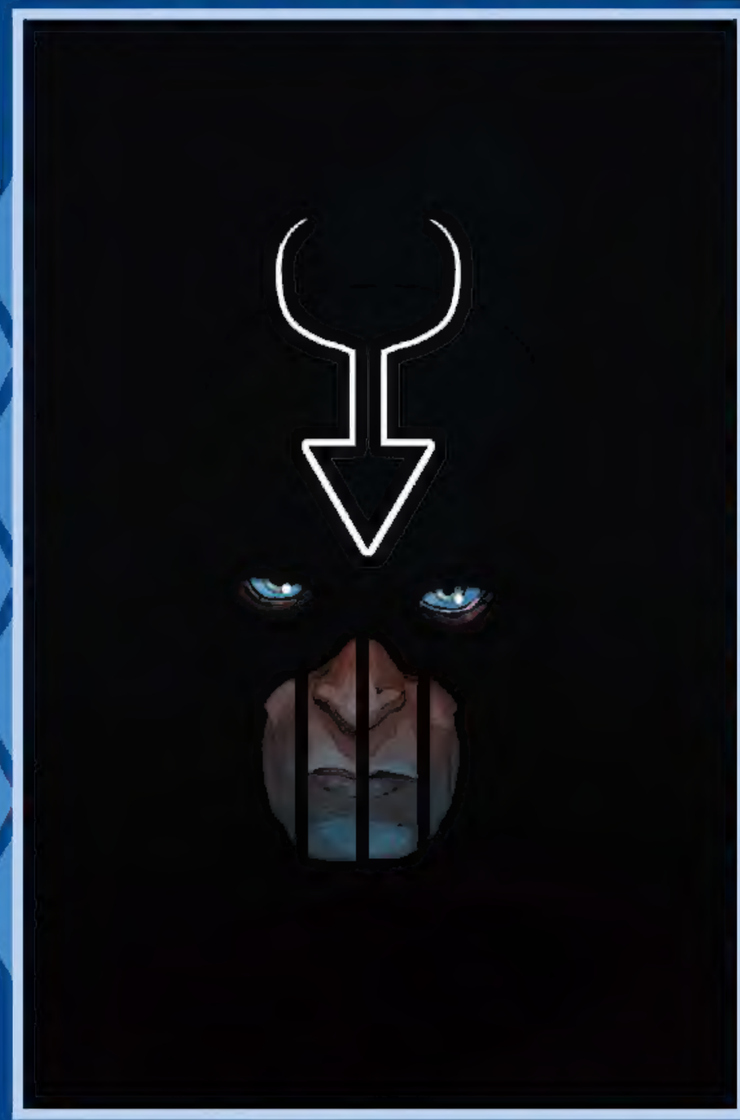
ROYALS

NEXT: ROYALS #3!

BLACK BOLT #1
AVAILABLE IN MAY!



SECRET WARRIORS #1
AVAILABLE IN MAY!

SECRET WARRIORS #2
AVAILABLE IN MAY!

ZONE